

CLAIRVOYANT SKETCHES.

LOVE AND JUPITER.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE existence of mere physical animal magnetism, or nervous sympathy, and consequent nervous repulsion between certain persons, is now pretty generally admitted by all intelligent people. Not so, however, with *clairvoyance* and its attendant phenomena, which seem at the same time to insult reason and startle religious faith, by the bold and arrogant insight into the spiritual world which is claimed through them.

Every sophomore is aware, indeed, that what is now called "Mesmerism," was not unknown to the Romans at the time of Plautus, who hits at it in one of his plays; and the testimony of Stobæus would lead us to infer that the oracles of Greece were sufficiently familiar with this singular species of homo-electrical excitement; while, from the treatment which Van Helmont received from the Inquisition, when he published his experiments in magnetism, two hundred years ago, there is no question but that it must have been at the bottom of the monkish miracles which so often bewildered the credulous of benighted Europe, and that the persecution of Van Helmont arose from his daring attempt to throw the beams of science into the dark jugglery of a crafty priesthood.

Still, modern science, incapable of explaining, and baffled even in comprehending these singular phenomena, refuses to admit them within her severe circle, and passes them by as impatiently as if, in the three thousand years which have been ripening her strength, since Herodotus made the first allusion in history to this mystical subject, science had not yet gathered force enough to lift the theme from the Egyptian arcana, where the earliest and most simple-minded of Greek historians indicates its existence.

Clairvoyance, obstinately banished thus from the domain of science, still has a natural refuge for its phenomena in the sphere of art and imagination; and here these phenomena, having been, from time to time, vaguely exhibited to human observation, will ever keep their place—unless, indeed, the progress of knowledge shall, in some future age, lead to the discovery of some natural law upon which they are founded, and thus pluck them from the debateable ground of fancy, to be finally firmly planted in the field of accepted truth.

In a word, this theme—thanks to the incredulity of the scientific world—this theme, so fruitful and suggestive, is still the honest property of the poet and periodical essayist. And, for my own part, when I think of the biscuit-like crisp and matter-

of-fact character of the age, I cannot but believe that the revival of clairvoyance is a special god-send from Apollo, for the benefit of his dejected votaries. Of old, it did them many a good turn at *Delphi*. Why may it not serve them now in *Philadelphia*? Dear lady, you who read and I who write, must haste to make the best use of it; for no one knows how soon, in the present march of mind, this wild theme of clairvoyance may be filched from us by the philosopher, and consigned to the worldly packing-box of mere useful knowledge.

I confess that it is this last consideration chiefly, this natural alarm lest a favourite topic shall be stripped of its delightful vagueness, its most alluring uselessness, its dear exclusiveness, its most eccentric separation from all customary human experiences, and, above all, its three thousand years of still recurring and ever freshening novelty; it is the fear, I say, lest clairvoyance may be stripped of all these wild charms, and brought, at last, within the iron pale of common sense and ordinary habits of practical thinking which impels me, before it is too late, to share some pleasant experiences with the reader. Alas! the *facts* which I am now about to let her witness for herself, will have lost much of their peculiar interest if, perchance, some new discovery of physiology or psychology should make them perfectly croible before this invitation reaches you. Reader, gentle and fair, let us hurry. My friend, the excellent Dr. Van Witchen, has promised me an interview with one of the most interesting of his clairvoyant patients this very morning. I pray you, madam, give me your hand at once—only for a single moment, I assure you. Nay, we are already in Mesmeric relations with each other. This is the house—this one with a night-bell and green door. The back room, eh? The patient must be here before us. Doctor, I have brought a friend with me—the beautiful and intelligent Miss —. (Fill up that blank for yourself, lady fair, while the worthy doctor establishes the proper communication between the patient and your humble servant.)

"Pulse 80,—age the same, you say, doctor. Remarkable coincidence, eh?"

"Organs of 'form,' 'ideality,' and 'sublimity,' in a state of excitement."

"I should think so, with all that pulse power bearing upon them."

"'Causality,' 'comparison' and 'eventuality,' suspended."

"My dear sir, haven't you concentrated too much

magnetic steam upon a few functions of the man's brain? Let me pray you to give a little Mesmeric action to the faculties you have just named. Thank you, thank you, my dear sir. Now, just touch up 'locality' and 'language' for me, and let's see where we are—for I have already, in imagination, travelled some millions of miles with the patient—'swift as meditation or the thoughts of love.'"

[Hist! lady fair; never mind my hackneyed quotation—listen to the patient.]

"Where are we, my good sir?"

"Among——"

"Where are we, I say? Where do you find yourself at this moment?"

"Among—the——"

"Doctor, a few passes over the region of the epiglottis, if you please. His utterance is difficult. Thank you—I should think that would be ample."

[Now, madam, if you have finally arranged that curl, I'll try him again.]

"My friend, I wish to know exactly where we are at this moment?"

"Among the stars! We seem to have visited them all. You know this as well as I—for have we not wandered for years together through the regions of space?"

["Eventuality" and "time" must be, indeed, "suspended." Why, my dear madam, *you* know at least that I have not been ten minutes in the room; and as for this old fellow, 'pon my soul, I never saw him before in my life. Queer, isn't it? What will he say next?]

"Well, my good sir, say on. We've traveled, you say—well?"

"Yes, we have travelled; both have travelled—yet only *one* of us knows it. For thou who wouldst trace the soul; thou who wouldst so presumptuously ascend to the fountains of thinking, dost not, it seems, take cognizance even of thine own thought. Thou wouldst seek the well-spring of mind, yet heedest not the river from it that rushes by thee—ay, even when thine own brain and bosom supply the channel."

"Upon my word, this is very tiresome, my good sir. I have a young lady here with me who does not care a hair-pin for metaphysics. Tell us only where you are. Describe the society of the place, their dresses, their manners, their scandal; tell us something of this kind—something that every body would like to know."

"We are at this moment on the planet Jupiter. There is no scandal there—for there are no *women*!"

[Cool that, really. Don't mind him though, madam. 'Tis only an old fellow who has outlived his manners.]

"What! do no women belong to this planet? It must be a melancholy place, my friend."

"By no means. Each 'belt' of the planet is formed wholly of women. Nothing can be more cheerful."

"Dull, though, for the ladies, I should think?"

"They do not find it so. Each ray of light that shoots from the bright centre is a *soul-link* that

brings them into the closest spiritual communion with their lovers, whose every thought and feeling is thus known and shared."

"But—but—my very good sir, this cold—I mean this want of—[I beg your pardon, madam,]—this mere spiritual contact must bring but little comfort to hearts of tenderness."

"It brings the soul—place of exclusive appropriation of the beloved object—a sense of bliss and repose which jealousy never can mar."

[Something in that, certainly, madam.]

"But these accommodating rays of sympathy, don't they sometimes get a little mixed; don't they get confused now and then—cross each other by accident, as it were, and thus *generalize* this particular spiritual arrangement somewhat?"

"Never."

"Really, now, does nothing of this kind ever happen among the Jupiterites, or Joverians—which ever they may call themselves? Tell us truly—truly—on your word, my friend."

"The clairvoyant *cannot* bear false witness. Those rays of spiritual sympathy are changeless and eternal in all other worlds save that whereon you dwell!—and, even in this, though often blended with grossest lights, they sometimes truly gleam—gleam, not purposely to mislead the yearning soul of man, although so fitfully do they shine through our distorted atmosphere of error, that they cannot but often lead astray."

[A slap at Platonics, that, my dear Miss Blank, isn't it? We won't mind him though—a poor old fellow.——Certainly—an excellent question. I'll put it to him forthwith.]

"The young lady wishes to know, sir, if the Joverians have no amusements—no pleasant ways of passing time, in which both sexes participate?"

"Amusements? Why, these spirits bathe forever in a sea of satisfaction. Their life is one ceaseless dream of rapture. For *their's* is *endless sympathy*!—a sympathy that compasses all possible moods of thought and feeling—fusing two beings into one, while preserving the full identity of either."

"Upon my word, my good friend, I don't see exactly how that *can* be."

"Canst thou not think, and, at the same time, have consciousness of thy thought? Even as thy soul can take cognizance of the operations of thy mind, even so do those intimately wedded spirits merge their beings in each other, yet preserve their own individuality."

"Pshaw! metaphysics again?—[Don't be impatient, madam.]—But how do they amuse themselves? That's what we want to know. Are they literary, musical, or pic-nic-ish, in their pleasures? In short, what *variety* of enjoyment have they? For even the spiritual raptures that you speak of, though an excellent thing in their way, must get to be a sort of *toujours perdrix* entertainment after awhile. Hush, he speaks."

"I have told thee more of the *blessednesses* and *satisfactions* of those who live on the planet Jupi-

ter, and thou mockedst at them. Still, I will point to thee their *delights*. Know, then, that while the favoured habitants of that planet were once *earth-ites*, or wayfarers in this world, like thyself, and that, while imagination is there even more vivid than reality is here, they live over again each pure and pleasant hour—each innocently happy moment that they ever knew in their brief existence here: live them over again now linked, each together in a chain of continuous happiness, and now arranged into still newly recurring combinations that present them ever fresh to the soul.”

“By George, I thought there was no getting along without novelty, and this seems a good invention for getting it up second-hand.”

“Man, man, this charm of their existence is not a supplying of the actual *needs* of those spirits, but springs only from the affluence of the bounty which delights to minister to them. The law of being requires not novelty as an element of happiness among the Joverians. Care and anxiety come not nigh them, as they seem to walk the earth, in this second existence—for these things spring only from the imperfect and impure condition of merely mortal man. The Joverian is perfect, because his ultimate destiny is fulfilled. He is pure, because the sympathy that absorbs his soul leaves no room for evil desires. And, as he lives over the happy hours of life again, with a being blent with his own—a radiant creature, who reflects every emotion of his

soul—each scene and object, endeared to past association, has a double zest; while those which, even while they charmed, once disturbed him by awakening some indescribable want, now that that want is supplied, become wholly delightful.”

“What a *material* old sinner.”

“No, stranger; it is thou who art the materialist. Thou who, with a Lucifer-like craving for *knowledge*, seest thy blessed hereafter only through the *intellect*, yet deem'st thyself far elevated above the worldling who beholds it merely through his senses. Mind and sense are but attributes of sentient beings. Love is the very essence of their souls. To the clairvoyant, a blessed hereafter presents itself only through the affections.”

[I don't wonder—I don't wonder, my dear madam. I can't understand a word neither. I suppose he's talking what they call transcendentalism. —Certainly, I will, or any other question you choose to suggest.]

“The young lady wishes to know, sir, if you are not a *bachelor*?”

“—— My dear doctor, how could you wake up the patient just as he was on the point of answering that most meaning question——”

[It would, indeed, my dear madam. I understand you, perfectly—it would have been uncommonly interesting to have established the fact that these were the real opinions of a *married man* of eighty.]

ANNA MILNOR:

THE YOUNG LADY WHO WAS NOT PUNCTUAL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I WILL call for you at eight o'clock, precisely," said a young man, as he stood in the door of a house in Spruce street, with the hand of a gentle girl in his. He had taken it as he said "good-bye," and held it longer than usual.

"Very well, I shall be all ready," returned the maiden.

"The cars start at a quarter past eight, precisely. We must not leave here a minute later than eight o'clock."

"Not if we expect to join the private party at ———'s Grove."

"Good night, Anna."

"Good night."

As the maiden responded to her lover's good night, her hand, that lay in his, was gently pressed. That pressure sent a thrill of joy to her heart. Henry Alton had not yet openly declared his love for Anna Milnor, but little tokens of its existence were not wanting. Anna had few doubts or fears on this subject. She felt for him a deep tenderness, and questioned not the fact of its return.

On the next morning Alton was at the house precisely as the clock struck eight. He asked for Anna. The servant went up stairs, and returned, saying, that she would be ready in a moment. One, two, three, four, five minutes passed, and she did not appear. The young man, who was thoroughly punctual in every thing, both from principle and habit, became impatient. The cars left the depot at a quarter past eight o'clock precisely, and it would take at least five minutes to walk there.

It was seven minutes past eight, when Anna at length made her appearance.

"I am really sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Alton," she said. "But I couldn't help it. We have plenty of time to get to the cars, I hope."

"As much as the bargain," returned the young man. "It is now seven minutes past eight."

"Oh! there! I have forgotten my parasol. I will get it in a moment." And away sprang Anna. In about a minute her little feet were heard pattering down stairs.

"I'm all ready now," she said, when half way down. "No! I declare, I've dropped one of my gloves in the chamber." And back she turned.

Very punctual men are usually impatient of delay.

"Too bad!" muttered Alton. "We shall be left as sure as the world. Why will people be so thoughtless?"

Just at ten minutes past eight o'clock they left

the house. To reach the depot in time would require rapid walking. Of course, Mr. Alton would have to appear in a hurry in the street with a young lady by his side, a thing that annoyed him excessively. But there was no alternative. They proceeded at a quick step, in silence. The bell was ringing as they entered the car-yard.

"One moment, driver," said Mr. Alton, hurriedly, as he passed that individual, who was just in the act of speaking to the horses.

"Be quick, then," returned the driver, impatiently. Muttering something in addition about certain kind of people always coming at the last minute, which Alton only half heard.

The excitement and hurry of the two young people caused several thoughtless persons a good deal of merriment, which was rather loudly expressed. Alton's cheek burned, and his lip quivered, when he seated himself, with Anna on the sunny side of the car. The moment he set his foot on the platform, the cars commenced moving.

"Like to been left, Alton. Why, what in the world made you so late?" said a young man, one of the pleasure party that was going out on a kind of picnic to ——— Grove. "We've all been here for at least ten minutes."

"It was all my fault," spoke up Anna, whose face was glowing from excitement and rapid walking. "I had no idea that the morning was passing away so swiftly. I might have been ready in good enough time, but didn't think eight o'clock came so soon."

Alton said nothing. He was worried, and didn't care to let his tone of voice reflect his true feelings.

In a little while they were gliding rapidly away from the crowded city. The puffing locomotive was soon substituted for horses. Half an hour more, and the gay party, consisting of about forty young ladies and gentlemen, left the cars, and proceeded to a fine grove, about a quarter of a mile from the track of the railroad, where they proposed to spend the day.

Pleasant company and a pleasant ride dispelled from the mind of Alton the effect produced by Anna Milnor's want of punctuality. The excitement attendant upon starting had given an unusual brightness to her countenance, and quickened her flow of spirits. She was the life of the company. Every time the young man's eye rested upon her through the day, it was in admiration, and every time her tones reached his ear, they came with sweeter music than before.

"She is indeed a lovely creature!" he more

than once said to himself. The impression made by the unpleasant occurrence of the morning had nearly worn off, so charmed was he by all that Anna said and did through the day.

Time wore on, and the sun ranged low in the horizon. The cars were to pass at about half-past six o'clock, when the party must be at the stopping-place, or have the pleasure of walking home, a distance of nearly ten miles. About half-past five, notice was given by some of the more thoughtful ones, that it was time to be making preparations for leaving the ground.

"Oh, it's plenty of time yet," said some. "It's only a little step over to the railroad."

"But it will take at least half an hour to make all our arrangements for getting away," was replied. "Better be an hour too soon than a minute too late for the cars."

"So say I," chimed in Alton and some others, who took upon themselves the task of getting every thing, as fast as they could, in readiness to leave the ground.

"There's plenty of time," said Anna Milnor gaily to Alton. "Come! you must be my partner in this cotillon."

"I shouldn't like to walk ten miles to-night," was his reply.

"Nor I. But there's time enough. We can walk to the rail-road in ten minutes."

Alton could not refuse Anna's request, and so he joined, though reluctantly, the cotillon. Time sped quickly on. When the music ceased it was six o'clock.

All was now hurry and bustle among the greater portion of the company. But Anna still insisted that there was plenty of time, and actually induced a small number to commence another cotillon. Several remonstrated, and urged the necessity of immediate departure. But they were only laughed at for their impatience. Alton bit his lip with vexation at such thoughtlessness. He saw that Anna was the ruling spirit in this opposition to the prudent desire of the majority to be at the stopping-place of the cars in good time; and this worried him. It brought too vividly before his mind the incidents of the morning.

At last, even she felt that the time had come for making a speedy departure. The little group that had been seemingly governed by her, separated, and commenced hasty preparations for leaving the spot. This took longer than had been expected. Last of all to get away was Anna Milnor. By the time she left, some had nearly reached the track of the railroad.

"There! as I live," she exclaimed, after she had started with Alton, and had gone a couple of hundred of yards, "I have lost my bracelet!"

As she said this, she turned and ran back at full speed. Alton called after her that they would certainly be left behind by the cars. But she did not heed him. His only alternative was to run back, also, and help her to search for the bracelet.

"I've got it!" she cried, in a moment after

reaching the ground, and then came bounding back to meet her vexed and excited lover.

"We shall certainly be left behind," he said.

"Come, run, then, quick." Anna returned, and sprung away like a young fawn. There was not a single member of the party in sight. All had hastened on to the stopping-place of the cars, the most indifferent now feeling alarm lest they should be too late.

"It's nearly half-past six," Alton remarked, glancing at his watch, as he came up to the side of the hurrying maiden.

"We'll soon be there," was her encouraging reply.

"There's not a moment to spare. Hah!—the engine bell, as sure as I'm alive! We are too late!"

"Perhaps not. Some of the party are there, and the conductor will certainly wait for us."

The rest of the distance was traversed with swift feet, and in silence. Fortunately, they reached the stopping-place just in time to get into the cars, but excited, overheated, and panting from exertion.

"Just saved your distance," said the conductor, smiling.

"My shawl! Where is it?" exclaimed one of the ladies of the party, looking around her in alarm, soon after the cars were in motion.

"I don't know. Have you lost it?" asked a companion.

"It was on my arm when we started. But I was so afraid of being left behind that I didn't notice where or when I dropped it."

Quietly seated in the cars, all had leisure now to think whether they had lost or left any thing behind. It was soon discovered that one was short a handkerchief, another a bag, a third a collar, and a fourth a bracelet, and so on. But for these losses there was no remedy. Every moment the swift speeding engine was bearing them farther and farther away from the spot where they had spent the day so pleasantly.

"Well," remarked Alton, in a half laughing, half serious voice, "I hope this will be a lesson on punctuality for all of us. If we had quietly made our arrangements for leaving the ground an hour ago, there would have been none of these losses to regret. We should have been at the railroad track at least half an hour before the cars came along, so that there would have been time enough to have returned for any thing then missed."

"You needn't say any thing," spoke up one.

"You were the last to reach the cars both coming and going. A lecturer on punctuality should be punctual himself."

This was said jestingly. But it touched Alton in a tender spot.

"No—no—it's not fair to blame him," Anna spoke up. "It was all my fault."

"I wish it hadn't been," was Alton's mental reply.

When he retired to bed that night, the young

man did not feel happy. His mind was disturbed. Why? He knew of only one cause. Anna Milnor's conduct had not pleased him. There was a defect in her character, with which, let it exist where it would, he had no kind of patience. It was so easy to be punctual, and so wrong not to be particular on this head, that he could find no excuse for it, even in the girl he loved.

It was a week before Alton could feel just in the frame of mind to visit Anna Milnor. Five minutes passed in her presence was sufficient to dispel all unpleasant impressions that her conduct had produced. There was a charm in her person, mind and manners that thoroughly captivated him. He was again a constant visitor.

As for Anna, she waited only a declaration from her lover. Her heart was fully his. But he was not quite ready to make that declaration. Alton had a cool head as well as a warm heart. He was orderly in his habits, and regulated his conduct in life upon fixed principles. In choosing a wife, he would not permit himself to be governed entirely by his feelings. He saw that Anna had defects of character—and one defect that, in his estimation, would have a very important bearing upon his future happiness. Before advancing a step farther, he determined to see how deeply seated this defect lay, and whether there was any hope of its being corrected.

"I will call for you on next Sunday morning," he said to her one day, "and walk with you to church."

"I shall be very happy to have your company," was her pleased reply.

"I will now see," he said to himself, "how deeply seated lies this want of punctuality. Surely, she will regard the orderly observance of external worship too highly to permit herself to be a moment too late. Anna Milnor could not be guilty of disturbing a worshipping assembly by entering church after the services have begun."

Half-past ten was the hour for service to commence.

"Do, Anna," said Mrs. Milnor, as the family arose from the breakfast-table on the next Sabbath morning, "try and get ready in time to go with your father and myself to church. I am really tired at your want of punctuality in this matter."

"Oh, never fear," returned the daughter, "I shall be ready. There is plenty of time."

"So you always say. Go, and begin to dress now."

"Dress now! Why it's only eight o'clock. I can get ready in a half an hour, at farthest. You won't start before ten."

Saying this, Anna took up her little brother in her arms, and commenced sporting with him. An hour after, Mrs. Milnor heard her voice in the parlour.

"Anna, dear, do begin to dress for church," she called down to her.

"It's only nine o'clock, mother. There is plenty of time. I'll be ready as soon as you are."

"I declare! it's half-past nine o'clock, and that thoughtless girl hasn't gone up to her chamber yet," the mother said, as she heard the clock strike the half hour. "Anna! do go up and dress yourself. I am out of all patience with you."

"I'll be ready now, before you will," the daughter said, as she bounded up stairs. A new dress had come home on the evening before. It was not to be worn that day. But as she had not yet tried it on, she felt a desire to do so, and ascertain its fit. There was plenty of time to dress for church. So she tried on the dress. There was some defect about it. Certain folds, somewhere, did not lie just to her taste. These were adjusted and readjusted over and over again. But they were incorrigible. While thus engaged, she was aroused by the voice of her mother.

"Anna, come, it is just ten, and we are all ready to start."

"Don't wait for me, mother. I will be along in a little while. Mr. Alton is going to call for me," returned the daughter, startled to find that it was so late, and hurriedly taking off the new dress.

In about ten minutes afterwards Mr. Alton rang the bell.

"Tell him that I will be along in a few moments," was sent down by the servant, who brought her word of his arrival.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, but the young lady had not yet appeared.

"I am really grieved," murmured the young man to himself. "It seems hardly possible that any one can be so thoughtless. I met her father and mother some distance on their way to church as I came along."

Just then Anna came hurrying down stairs. It lacked but four minutes of church time; and the walk was one of full ten minutes.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," Anna said. "But really, I had no idea that it was so late. I scarcely notice the flight of time."

"We shall be late," was Alton's only reply to this.

"I know we will. But we must walk fast. 'Oh! I have left my handkerchief.'"

She glided up stairs, and did not come down again for two or three minutes. They seemed as long as a period of ten minutes to the mind of Alton.

When the young couple entered the church, the minister was reading a portion of the service. All was silence profound and deep attention. Their coming in evidently disturbed the congregation. This was felt acutely by Alton, who never enjoyed public worship so little in his life.

After all was over, he returned with Anna to her home. But he said little on the way. He could not. His mind was too much disturbed. His abstraction of manner was so marked that even Anna could not help noticing it. She never remembered to have seen him so dull. At the door of her father's house he bowed formally, and retired.

"How could you do so, Anna?" her mother said, as soon as she had entered the house.

"Do what, mother?"

"Come so late to church, after all I said to you this morning. And worse than all, to keep Mr. Alton waiting for you until after service had commenced. It was plain that he was greatly annoyed."

"I didn't see that he was," Anna returned, with a slight expression of surprise. "But she now remembered that he said very little while either going or coming. It might be that her mother's suggestion was too near the truth. Anna was not happy during the rest of the day."

"It's no use disguising the fact," Alton said to himself, as he walked slowly homeward. "She will not suit me. I should be worried out of my life by her want of punctuality. Three times has she already subjected me to annoyance and mortification. These have worried me enough. How would it be if I were subjected to such things every day of my life? It would kill me outright. No—no! Anna Milnor!—you are a sweet, fascinating creature. I love you more than I dare confess to myself. But I cannot make you my wife. That would be risking too much."

Thus reason urged. But feeling was not so easily subdued. It pleaded long for the charming girl—but it pleaded in vain. Alton was a young man of decided character. He never permitted himself to take a step that his judgment clearly condemned.

"I haven't seen you with Anna Milnor, lately," said a friend to him a few months afterwards.

"No."

"How is that?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"You used to be very particular in your attentions in that quarter."

"Perhaps I was. But I am not now."

"She is a lovely girl."

"That she is, truly."

"Just the one for you."

"No."

"I think she is."

"While I, the party most interested, think otherwise."

"What is your objection?"

"She comes late to church."

"What?"

"She is not punctual."

"You are jesting!"

"No. Don't you remember the picnic?"

"Yes. And how you and she were late both in going and returning."

"All her fault. I don't want a wife who has not a regard for punctuality. It would annoy me to death."

"But, surely, that is not your only objection."

"I have no other."

"You are foolish."

"Perhaps so. But I can't help it. My wife must be punctual, and no mistake."

Alton showed himself to be in earnest. Much as it cost him, he steadily resisted the inclination that was constantly urging him to renew his attentions to Anna Milnor. As for the young lady, she was unhappy for several months. Then she was consoled by the attentions of a new, and less fastidious lover. She paid as little regard to punctuality as ever, but this was only a defect of minor importance in the eyes of the young man who had made up his mind to offer her his hand.

Alton was invited to her wedding about a year after the date of his unpleasant picnic adventure. A large and brilliant party were assembled to witness the nuptials, that were to take place at eight o'clock precisely. At eight, all the company were waiting, with the minister, the descent of the bridal party. But time passed on, and many began to feel impatient. Mr. Milnor, the father of Anna, came into the parlour frequently, and then went out, evidently worried at the delay, the cause of which Alton shrewdly guessed to lie in the fact that the bride was not yet ready.

"I believe the girl will be too late for death," he heard the old gentleman say in a fretful undertone to some one in the passage, close to the door, near by which he was sitting.

"Thank Heaven for my escape!" murmured Alton to himself, as the party came in about half-past nine, after having kept the company waiting for an hour and a half. "Too late on her wedding night! She would have killed me!"

If this shoe should happen to pinch any lady, whether married or single, we beg of her not to think for a moment that it was made for her foot.

THE TWO PATHS.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

CHAPTER I.

"FOLLOW your own path, Rose, and leave me to mine. I have had it long marked out in my secret thoughts, and your remonstrances will hardly turn me from it."

“But when I know it to be one which leads to destruction, morally and spiritually, I must remonstrate as long as I can be heard. Oh, Maud! Maud! it is a grievous thing to hear you reason thus; you, to whom the precepts and denunciations of that holy volume, beside which you so carelessly lean, our mother’s last legacy, have been as household words from your very infancy; to hear you admit your willingness to purchase at the price of Christian integrity and reliance upon a wise Providence, the perishing triumphs and exemptions of this world’s prosperity! you, whom our mother so delighted to call her child of many prayers. Oh, Maud! if she were still with us, you would not dare speak as you do!”

“But I should think as I do, Rose. Am I to blame that I retain the human imperfections of an unchanged nature? I *did* think as I do before she was taken from us, notwithstanding all her eloquent persuasions to soften the spirit which *would* sometimes show its strength; all her practical examples of humility and resignation, beautiful and touching as I confess them to be, considering her afflictions and privations. But it would then have been of no avail for me to express my exceeding scorn of our position, and of the weak scruples which reduced us to it, while I beheld no means of relief from its trials. Now I am at liberty to speak, for I see a better prospect before me.”

"But how visionary is your project, how indelicate, how unmaidenly! I do not say unprincipled; for, with your present perverted feelings, that word would have little weight. And you seem to forget that, apart from the influences of your education, which, whatever you may think, you could not easily shake off, there would be a wearisome task, to one of your impetuous temper, in a course of duplicity and deceit."

“Duplicity and deceit are nothing new to me; for, doubtless, by those terms you would stigmatize my long concealment of my repinings and aspirations, and to continue to practise them in toadying that supereminent absurdity, Mrs. Wigglesworth, so as to enter the world under her brilliant auspices, and, while there, in inveigling some golden gudgeon into the matrimonial net, would be a labour which would have its own reward, and no danger that I shall be unable to endure it.”

"Maud Evelyn!"

“You may be assured, Rose, that I would prefer a means of accomplishing my purpose more open, and, if you please, more honourable; but I have no alternative, and success would well repay me for the sacrifice. Do not think I am so selfish as to desire it for my own gratification alone. Your benefit is considered in all my plans. If you could lay aside your prejudices, you would see the propriety of prompt action. Our father is failing rapidly through his toils and sorrows; and supposing he should soon follow our other parent to yonder miserable church-yard, what would then be our condition? Could even you submit to being a farmer’s maid servant—for what else would be in store for either of us?”

"I would submit to the will of my Father in Heaven," said the younger speaker, fervently.

Her sister paused for a moment, and then resumed, with greater seriousness—

“ You have naturally, Rose, more of the disposition of our parents than I, yet you would not only understand, but share my feelings, if you could remember our former mode of life distinctly enough to contrast it with the present. I am three years the elder, and can recall three years more of our better days, while you, but little beyond infancy when they changed, were in consequence easily moulded into conformity with our cheerless fortunes. I have the most vivid recollection of our English home, and I never think of our beautiful personage, obscure as it was there regarded, with its shrubbery and trees, nestled in the shadow of the venerable and picturesque church, and then, in comparison, upon our present abode, this wretched cabin, with its rude logs little concealed by your industrious whitewashing, its cabbage and potato ground, with your paltry morning-glory and bean vines, to which the name of garden is given by courtesy, and those two stony and barren fields,—this wilderness, or rather this desert, to which we have been consigned by what we have been taught to deem our father’s martyr spirit,—without a loathing for which heart-sickness is a feeble name.”

"I have not forgotten those happier times, Maud; yet when I found that recurring to them tended to no good, I struggled against it."

"That was exemplary," returned the other, impatiently. "And do you also remember those eras of our childhood, our visits to the patrimonial seat of our eldest uncle?—its lawns, with their shaven turf and arbours and fountains; the park, with its treasured woods and gravelled roads; the magnificent apartments, with their successive throngs of

titled and well-born guests; and the trains of servants, who looked so stately that we almost shrank before them? How brilliant were the pastimes we witnessed!—how luxurious was the idleness! I was not too young to reflect upon what passed before me, and is it strange that I can now feel so intensely the burthen of our isolated poverty?—the accumulation of petty, but mind-destroying cares and calculations that weigh upon us every hour; and the bodily toils, with all their coarse details, which, day after day, through heat and cold, we have endured for years, and which must, at last, assimilate us with the boorish herd around us?

"Well, Rose, even at that early time, I had imbibed the knowledge that if our father had exercised a little of this world's prudence,—a goodly thing, however you may esteem it,—such sights and enjoyments might have been more familiar to his children than as a mere holiday show; that our lordly uncle, to whose blood we were so proud to belong, but tolerated us in his sight at the intercession of his gentle wife,—us, the children of his own brother; that because our father was poor and had incurred the frown of the head of the house, we were repulsed and chidden by the swarm of minor relations that basked in his favour;—and our little cousin Lucy and her half brother, Julian Ormesby, do you recollect them, Rose? How gay and bright they looked in their rich attire, and with their joyous impulses, which had never known depression or restraint, while we, trained to humble ourselves and to control our natures, received as undeserved graciousness their childish favours and evidences of affection."

"I do remember them well and fondly, Maud,—those pure and noble-hearted children, so like their mother in sweetness of deportment and loveliness of person. I remember little Lucy so winningly begging to share equally with me in your love, and Julian, though so much the elder, and in every way your superior, submitting to your caprices, and waiting on you as if you had been a princess. Surely, none but pleasant associations should be connected in your memory with them!"

"After all, perhaps not; but of course they are by this time properly imbued with the elements to which they were born. But, as I was going to say, it was there I learned the power of wealth and station; and, child as I was, the determination possessed me that when my turn came to act, I would pursue a different course to that of those whose duty it was to provide for our temporal as well as spiritual welfare."

The conversation of the two girls, who were leaning beside the narrow window of a small and scantily furnished sitting-room, was interrupted by the entrance of their father, a pale, gray-haired man, whose coarse clothing and whose hands, embrowned and roughened by labour, bore little congruity with the intellectual cast of his face, and the placid dignity of his bearing.

"The post has brought us sad intelligence," he remarked, pointing to a paragraph scored with ink in a paper which he held in his hand.

Maud hastily snatched it, and unconnectedly ran over one of the singular obituary notices common to English newspapers—

"Died, suddenly, on Thursday last, at Winstoun, his family seat, Marmaduke Evelyn, Esq., M. P.,—commanding talents,—force of character,—public spirit,—county influence."

"Nothing of his fraternal affection," interposed the reader.

A glance of regretful reproof from her father restrained her, and she resumed—

"His extensive landed estates devolve upon his son, a promising youth of fifteen, now at Eton, and the residue of his fortune amply endows his widow, once the admired and respected relict of the gallant Colonel Ormesby, and Miss Lucy Evelyn, his beautiful and accomplished daughter, who, but for this melancholy event, would have been led in a few weeks to the hymeneal altar, by a young baronet of large property in the vicinity of Winstoun."

Mr. Evelyn retired to an adjoining apartment, and Rose remained silently looking from the window.

"Don't look so solemn, Rose," said her sister. "You have no reason to deplore him; I have, on the contrary, for I did hope he might relent and do us some service yet. This unexpected announcement gives me a final disappointment, and now there is nothing left for me but carrying out my scheme with regard to Mrs. Wigglesworth. Once provided with a scene for operations, I have no fears of success. I have education, an advantage which, as they could do it without money, our parents have supplied to us in abundance;—I have beauty,—people daily mistake us one for the other, and you, Rose, are rarely beautiful;—and I have tact and confidence to use them for any purpose, with a determined will, which shall yield to no common obstacles. Don't threaten me with my father, for I perceive you are about to do so. I can easily satisfy him. It will be but necessary to convince him that the old lady will require some one to watch her dyspeptic and rheumatic symptoms whilst she is absent for their cure; and as she has no child of her own, he will think it the duty of one of us to attend her."

"I shall use no farther arguments with you now, Maud, for I feel almost certain that your conscience will check you before you go too far."

Maud shook her head, and continued carelessly—

"I am going now to sound Mrs. Wigglesworth. If I come back successful, you will help to prepare me for the expedition, will you not? Oh, yes, you will surely give me your share of the unappropriated finery in these old chests, the kind, though not very judicious supplies of our compassionate aunt. How we used to sigh that they were not calicoes and linsey-wolseys instead of silks and cambrics, as the shipwrecked mariner did, that his mass of gold was not a handful of nails. At last, however, they may be available; for if you consent, out of two of the garments I certainly can make

one. So give me yours, like a good girl, and I may some time be able to pay you in the latest Paris fashions. Throw me my bonnet, and now goodbye."

The father of Maud and Rose Evelyn was an emigrant clergyman, labouring among a poor and scattered flock in one of the most secluded valleys of the ——— river. His family, one of wealth and consideration, had destined him for an important civil station in India, but after marrying the penniless daughter of an humble curate, he had lost their countenance by entering the church, in which they had neither inclination nor influence to procure his preferment. The death of his father-in-law, however, had occurred previous to the birth of Rose, and by succeeding to his vacant place, he had secured for nine or ten years a decent competence for his little family. But at that time he was deprived of it by a change in the living to which it was appended, and uncertain of a similar dependence, as well as actuated by a missionary zeal, he had come to seek a field for his labours in the New World. He had attempted at first to establish himself in Canada, but the rigours of the climate threatened the health of his delicate wife, and having little choice, he had then accepted his present location. Here he had remained until death bereaved him of the patient sharer of his cares, and his two girls had attained to womanhood without a single prospect that his conscientious sacrifices and unobtrusive usefulness would have the earthly reward of a more comfortable home for his declining years.

It seemed a marvel that two creatures, so beautiful and graceful as those young girls, should have grown up amidst the drudgery and privations of their inauspicious solitude; but their mother had been marked by an almost fastidious refinement of thought, word and demeanour, and she had guarded their person and fashioned their manners with scrupulous care. Their minds had not lacked means of cultivation; for with the luxury of books they had been liberally supplied. The wife of their father's eldest brother, a pious and tender-hearted woman, had been their unchanging friend through all their fortunes, and had annually sent them such presents as were not prohibited by her husband's vindictive authority. Among these were books which afforded them a wealth of amusement and intellectual profit.

Closely resembling each other in appearance, in their healthful and perfect growth, in purity and rich bloom of complexion, in symmetry of features, and in the fulness and lustre of their dark blue eyes, Maud and Rose were markedly dissimilar in character. Though naturally not the superior in mental gifts, the elder added to hers an energy and a firmness of purpose which must have made her a more powerful agent for good or ill; and these, enforcing a spirit of worldly ambition, of self-confidence, and impatience of control, might well have suggested a portent of evil. But Rose, meek, truthful and disinterested—Rose abounded in the graces of the heart which were lacking in her sister, and almost from childhood had been a de-

voted member of her father's pastoral charge, as well as the most cheerful and efficient support of his household comfort.

CHAPTER II.

The influx of visitors at the ——— Springs had nearly attained its height, when there appeared one day at the dinner table a person who attracted a degree of observation which would hardly have been accorded to an ex-president. This was an elderly woman, whose tall, square and flat figure, and whose face, sallow, bony and freckled, with a single crooked tooth projecting in front, would have required the nicest arts of the toilette, and the highest polish of deportment to secure her from invidious comment. In lieu of these, her dress manifested the most remote provincialism, and her conversation an ignorance, ludicrous as profound, that society might have usages that could be violated. She wore short and narrow skirts, garnished with scant flounces, when every one else floated in redundant robes of classical length and plainness; a cap, distended by a comb of the size and shape of a palm leaf fan, and surrounded, above the bands of her rough red hair, with dangling frills of wide thread lace and bows of stiff green ribbon, instead of the slight and tasteful fabrics of tulle and lisse and flowers, which alone were the order of the day; and on her feet, scorning the Cinderella slippers around them, were capacious shoes of prunella, through the yielding texture of which freely were exhibited joints and sinews in all their undulations and proportions. Yet there were no evidences of a want of money about her. Her silk was the thickest and her lace the finest, and over a tawdry worked collar was a chain of halter dimensions, which would have brought its weight in eagles at the mint, securing a watch that a banker might have made an heir-loom. She addressed herself indiscriminately to any one within talking distance, gave succinct histories of her own ailments, and inquired as to theirs, presuming that no one could be wicked enough to go to places intended to cure the sick without being in need of such service. She wondered if "that wheezing old lady in the false curls hadn't the phthisick," and if "that thin young man with his face all grown to hair wasn't consumed." She also criticised the fashions, and pronounced the heads without combs "no better looking than turnips,"—combs being, to her taste, a "sign that people were somebody; the larger they could be got the richer they looked, provided they were rale turtle-shell—her own was turtle and no mistake." The next time she presented herself she was warded off as if she had been a personification of the black tongue or the milk sickness. This personage was no other than Mrs. Wigglesworth, the wife of Mr. Evelyn's only rich parishioner.

It was not until the old lady had ceased to be a

novelty that she was known to have brought a companion to the watering place. At that time a young girl attended her in the saloon and dining-room, who, from her uncommon beauty and propriety of manners, became in turn an object of curiosity and remark. Our readers will anticipate that it was Maud Evelyn. Instinctively aware of the ridicule which her chaperon would excite, her pride revolted at the thought of witnessing it, and with the ostensible purpose of completing the arrangements of her wardrobe, she had spent the interval of a few days in her room.

The unsophisticated stage of society in which, through beauty and grace alone, a young stranger would be admitted unquestioned to favour, is pretty well past, at least with those who frequent fashionable watering-places; yet Maud, by the tact with which she adapted herself to those around her, and by a certain elevation of manner, the result of her intentness of purpose and of her consciousness of superiority in all but the adventitious attractions of fortune, commanded at once the courtesy of many, notwithstanding their want of information as to her family and position. That secured, a freer exercise of her powers of pleasing, and a few bold assertions, added to her passive falsehood, and her apparently casual references to her English birth and connections, and the daughter of the unknown and impoverished clergyman would have been constituted a belle among the prosperous and the proud. But that was not the policy of the young adventuress. Her address soon enabled her to ascertain the characters and expectations of the miscellaneous assemblage with whom she was placed in contact, and she avoided all flirtations with the young men, the stock performers at such places, who had yet to pass the ordeals of fathers' wills and prospective professions to make them eligible for matrimonial speculation. As carefully she forbore any attempt to attract that smaller class, the men of fashion and knowledge of the world, with whom romance is at an end, and to whom personal loveliness is a useless consideration, unless invested with some substantial extrinsic interest. At the end of a fortnight she had not encountered a single object of attack to meet her views, but fortunately for her projects, Mrs. Wigglesworth was satisfied with her new mode of existence, as well as willing to show her pecuniary ability to remain as long as she pleased, and their departure was deferred for an indefinite period.

At length Maud was sitting on a piazza one evening, with a young lady whose acquaintance she had formed, when a handsome carriage stopped before them, and a gentleman dropping behind him a clank richly lined with velvet, carefully descended the steps.

"A windfall!" exclaimed the young lady, in a suppressed tone. "The very last person I should have expected to be blown to a place like this."

"Who is he?" asked Maud.

"Simeon Albany, of our city."

"Some of the gentlemen spoke to-day at the

table of a Mr. Albany, a millionaire?" said Maud, interrogatively.

"This is the same. In these times, however, the title of millionaire is often founded upon a smaller capital than a million of dollars. I do not insinuate, though, that Mr. Albany does not bear it justly, for he is always named as one of our wealthiest citizens."

The gentleman now approached. He was a tall, fleshless man, with a jaundiced complexion, a sour and unhappy expression of countenance, ordinary features, and stiff, coarse hair, of mixed black and gray, brushed downward upon his low and narrow forehead. As he passed them, he compressed his thin lips over a set of short, yellow teeth, and looked straight forward from under his lowering eyebrows as if he had determined that there was no one worthy of notice in his way.

"He has no family with him," remarked Maud, too cautious to hazard the question so common among marrying young ladies—"Is he a single man?"

"He is an old bachelor," was the answer. "He is said to be looking for a wife who will be nothing less than perfection, and to expect that his money will not fail to purchase such a one. But as perfect women are not to be bought with that alone, he will be likely to remain in the enjoyment of his single blessedness. With all my imperfections, he is one of the last men I would choose, even if he were twice as rich and twenty years younger,—though if he were less repulsive in character, there might be something of a temptation. He has a noble house; rather old-fashioned in style, indeed, but very aristocratic looking, and you have noticed how fine his equipage is. With his income, I have no doubt he could support a wife in the foremost rank of elegance and fashion."

The audistress pondered this information well.

In order that she might maintain a toilette of sufficient variety, Maud found it necessary that she should spend the early hours of the morning at her needle. Accordingly, before sunrise of the day following the new arrival, she had taken her accustomed place at the window, when in arranging the curtain she caught a glimpse of Mr. Albany, wrapped in his cloak, entering the enclosure of the spring. Quick as thought, she turned to Mrs. Wigglesworth and asked—

"Do you not think, ma'am, it might be of more service to you to try the water on first rising than immediately before breakfast? The dyspeptic looking gentleman who arrived last evening is on his way to the spring; and as he, a man of fortune, coming from the city, has no doubt had the best medical advice to direct him, would it not be prudent for you to take advantage of his example?"

The Leghorn bonnet of Mrs. Wigglesworth, and its black lace veil, from which it never on any occasion parted company, were brought forth; and Maud, throwing a scarf over her own head and shoulders, hurried from the room. The servants were sweeping the parlours and piazzas, and, a

shower having fallen the night before, the gravelled walks were cold and damp; but, though intercepted first by clouds of dust and then by fleeces of mist, Maud dragged her valetudinarian along. They reached the spring, and found the millionaire looking gloomily into it, as if afraid to trust himself with his soft buckskin moccasins upon the wet and slippery steps which led down to it. The approach of his pursuers, however, conquered his irresolution, and he was about to descend, when Maud started forward, with a smile expressive of kindness mingled with a touch of timidity, and said, in her clear, girlish tone—

"It would be dangerous, sir, for an invalid to venture upon that chilling marble, and the attendant has not yet come out. Allow me to supply you."

His ideas seemed to flow tardily, for before he could answer she had taken his tumbler from him, filled it at the fountain, with the air of "the good girl" in the fairy tale, and returned it to his hand. With a stiff nod, and an equally stiff "much obliged to you," and without any apparent thought of proffering it to the old lady beside him, he swallowed its contents.

"Three glasses, I believe, are generally prescribed for new-comers," resumed Maud. "You have not yet, sir, had your portion."

And again she tripped gracefully down the steps. The same mode of acknowledgment followed as at first, and was again repeated; and then begging permission to use the tumbler, as she had not been provident enough to bring one along, she watched, with a tender solicitude, while Mrs. Wigglesworth, with indescribable contortions of face and body, gulped potion after potion of the nauseous beverage. She had thrown back her scarf, and with her beautiful complexion, freshened and glowing with the morning air and her rapid walk, and with her bright brown hair shining in the first beams of the sun, she looked exceedingly lovely. She was conscious that the eyes of the stranger were on her, and she was too prudent to break the effect by a single glance in return. Anxiously cautioning her companion to fold her shawl around her lest the damp air should counteract the efficacy of her morning draught, she modestly curtsied to Mr. Albany and returned to the house.

Maud was nervously impatient to learn the success of her morning's stratagem, and to her relief a nod of recognition from the millionaire was directed towards her as they passed from the breakfast table toward the saloon. She listened with avidity to every remark she could elicit during the day about Mr. Albany, and invariably heard that in character he was dull, selfish and morose—exactly what was most distasteful to the talented, spirited and, with all her faults, really generous girl; but she had resolved to acknowledge few obstacles in the way of her ambition. The next morning she again visited the spring at sunrise, and though Mr. Albany had mailed himself with caoutchouc overshoes, yet sufficient communication

passed between them to apprise her that early rising was one of his hobbies. She would have been glad to discover twenty other hobbies that she could have gratified as easily. They now considered themselves on the footing of acquaintances, though the little observances of politeness which were to have been expected from the gentleman were entirely dispensed with. Mr. Albany made it a point never by such to honour any lady. If an old gentleman introduced his wife to him, he lost no time in escaping from her lest a presentation to her daughter should follow. He was always on the look out for conspiracies. But in the gentle, smiling, frank simplicity of Maud, he saw nothing to alarm him, particularly as her early rising confirmed her hints of a rustic education; and sometimes, during a rencontre in the saloon, he favoured her with a few precious words, which in her possession became important investments.

"I am glad to perceive you do not join in the dance," remarked he, one evening.

"I have no taste for such amusements," she returned, wisely shaking her head.

On another occasion he observed—

"Those young men seemed very desirous of introducing their friend to you."

"I generally refuse such applications;—I do not approve of young ladies forming many acquaintances among gentlemen."

Again—"You appear to be very industrious,—something unusual here."

She was labouring diligently upon an apron for a little child, whom she sometimes drilled in its A B C's with the most graceful patience and assiduity.

"It is difficult to abandon old habits. I am so accustomed to employment that I always feel more comfortable when allowed by etiquette to engage in it."

"How would the old lady you have in charge get along without you?" he asked, after witnessing some of her dutiful offices towards Mrs. Wigglesworth.

"I am so experienced in nursing that it would be strange if I were not able to discharge some of its duties to her satisfaction," was her answer, as if seeking to evade an implied compliment.

Such usually was the extent and nature of their colloquies.

At length Maud observed that her quarry seemed inclined to direct himself towards Mrs. Wigglesworth, and the old lady, having had her instructions on their first arrival as to the amount of information proper to be given concerning her charge, she was now begged not to exceed them if Mr. Albany should make her the subject of any questions. She narrowly watched his advances; and one day after dinner, while the company were mostly enjoying their siesta, an indulgence which she did not allow herself, he approached her and her chaperon, who were sitting in a shaded corner of a piazza. Making an excuse to withdraw, she cautiously slipped into a vacant parlour, from which any conversation between the remaining couple

could be overheard. She was not disappointed in her expectations. The first sentence she caught from the millionaire was—

"Is she of good family?"

"They're the salt of the earth, all that's of them," replied Mrs. Wigglesworth; "and her mother, who has gone to a better world, was a true mother in Israel."

"Um, um, um. I mean, are they persons of respectability?"

"Her father is a minister," she returned, in a tone implying that consideration to be a sufficient assurance.

"Can you tell me the amount of his fortune?"

"Mr. Evelyn is the last man to be raking and scraping a fortune together. He thinks of other things than laying up treasures on earth. The children, though, may be born to something past common, as many people are that have relations in the old countries. You often read in the papers of persons having to go over for something of advantage to them."

"Have you any knowledge of their connections, ma'am?"

"From what I can understand, they are considerable of big bugs,—rather ahead of any here."

"There are several children of them, I presume, as mostly happens when there is not much to keep them on?"

On hearing, with evident satisfaction, that there were but Maud and a sister, Mr. Albany resumed—

"To be plain with you, ma'am, I desire to have all the information that I can obtain concerning this young girl, and as you appear to be the only person here able to give any, I have decided to refer to you. I am not unwilling to marry, if I can find an individual to suit me; but I shall be very particular in my choice, as you will admit a man of large property has a right to be. I have too much judgment and experience to be willing to take one of your gadding, chattering, dancing, dressing fine ladies. What I require is a modest, submissive woman, who is fond of home, and has habits of industry and economy; and I wish to know if Miss Evelyn answers that description."

Mrs. Wigglesworth, after wondering that a person old enough to be Maud's father should have been casting sheep's eyes at her, and laughing at the idea so immodestly that the listener trembled for the result with the consequential applicant, then asked him to excuse her impudence, and assured him that there was not a smarter, handier, more biddable girl in the land; that she could get along on almost no money at all, for she made all her new things, with her own hands, out of old ones, and that even here, when she might take play time, she worked two or three hours before the lazy high-flyers were out of bed. As to her staying at home, she had never been out of sight of it before, and wouldn't have been then, only that her father had taught her it was a Christian duty to attend the sick.

"So I understood from a hint of her own," re-

turned Mr. Albany; "otherwise I could not have reconciled myself to a female, that is, of her age, whom I happened to meet at a watering-place. Your account of her I find tolerably satisfactory. My theory is that if I get a modest, submissive wife, she will be the more easily governed, and the more ready to show me the deference to which I shall think myself entitled. If economical and industrious, she will be able the better to manage my domestic concerns on the system which I have already established. If fond of home, she will be satisfied to stay there, without making my house public property by encouraging a constant run of visitors, a thing I could never tolerate. If Miss Evelyn is, as you assert, really such a person, I should be disposed to offer her my hand. I find nothing particular to object to in the situation of her family, as you describe it. Her connections being good, the fact of her having no fortune may be overlooked, on consideration that she is the less likely to have formed habits of expense, and that she will require fewer indulgences. There being so few children, is also in her favour, for there is no greater imposition on a man than being obliged, because he has been successful in the world, to assist a host of needy relations-in-law. Then as to her being so much younger than myself, that is one of her principal recommendations, for I shall have the less trouble to regulate her habits according to my own, and her health and activity will make her more useful than a person farther advanced in years."

All this was delivered in a dry, harsh, sententious and pompous manner, and Maud felt her eyes flash and her cheeks burn, and then a violent inclination to laugh; but, suppressing her emotion, she listened on.

"By repeating my sentiments to her, ma'am," he continued, "you will probably be able to confer a great favour on your young friend. I wish to avoid offering any proposal to her personally, because on such occasions one is obliged to show a degree of solicitude and obsequiousness, which, with some inexperienced females, become afterwards grounds to presume upon. I think I may rely on her prompt acceptance of my offer, which an indifferent party, yourself for instance, must perceive to be peculiarly advantageous; but if she should show the slightest disapprobation of any of the remarks I have entrusted to your memory, I hold you bound in honour to drop the subject without further communication. We had better have it settled at once. I will wait in the right-hand parlour until you shall have executed your commission. If she receive it favourably, request her to come down, and I shall then ascertain how I am to proceed with regard to her family."

As he entered one door of the parlour, Maud noiselessly escaped through another, and hastened to her chamber. There she was found by Mrs. Wigglesworth, who executed her embassy with "says hee" too numerous to mention, and argued with equal prolixity the pros and cons of accept-

ance or rejection. Maud did not answer nor hear a word. Her time of trial had come. She felt that it was *not* easy to shake off the influences of her education, and the perils of wilfully persisting in a course of wrong arose startlingly before her. Then, with a strong effort, she recalled her life-long dreams of ambition. She fancied herself as having conquered, by the ascendancy of her intellect, the narrow-minded selfishness of which she had just received such undoubted evidence, and enjoying a home abounding in the luxury which wealth only can bestow; as moving in the world attended by all the honours and immunities which wealth only can command; even as returning to the scenes of her early years, and casting from her with scorn the adulations of those whose unkindness had embittered her childhood; even that juvenile vision of revenge was recalled to strengthen her indecision. But the incitements had lost their power. Then she thought of Rose and her father placed in circumstances of comfort through her means, and not trusting herself to reflect further, she started towards the door.

"But you have not told me whether you intend to take the old skinflint or not?" called Mrs. Wigglesworth after her.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; certainly," she replied, attempting to force a smile upon her bloodless lips; and she hastened down stairs to the parlour.

Mr. Albany, who was pacing the floor, advanced slowly to meet her, and as slowly enunciated—

"I may conclude that all is arranged to my satisfaction?"

Whatever she may have felt before, it was not until the cadaverous face of her suitor was bent over her, and his cold, skinny fingers were wrapped round her hand, that she could realize the turpitude of her present course, and the importance of the step she had resolved to take. Yet again she tried to force a smile, and to murmur a maidenly answer.

"In what way shall I communicate our intentions to your father? You, I suppose, will wish to conform to the common custom, and I am willing to oblige you."

For this contingency Maud was prepared. She knew that if she allowed him to accompany her to the dwelling of her father, one glimpse of its unconcealable poverty would turn him away in disgust, and render all her moral sacrifices fruitless. In answer to his question, she returned—

"I know not how to direct you, for from him they will certainly meet with disapproval."

"Um, um, um,—why so, may I ask?"

"On account of the shortness of my acquaintance with you."

"I flatter myself my character is too well known to make *that* objection reasonable," said the gentleman.

"Besides," continued Maud, "the disparity of our ages is a point on which he could not be easily reconciled; and in addition," observing that this latter suggestion was too personal not to be offen-

sive, "he would think it his duty to withhold his consent to my union with a person not attached to the church in whose service he has spent his life. Should he refuse to sanction it, it would grieve me to act contrary to his decision."

"I can't say that I would ask you to do it. A disobedient daughter would hardly make an obedient wife; but the matter could be settled without that difficulty. The ceremony can be performed without consulting him, and when he hears of your advantageous alliance, for such he will certainly regard it, if he is at all a judicious man, he will think you in luck for having accomplished it, and himself equally so for having been spared any show of opposition. To be candid, I should feel myself stooping considerably to have to ask the consent of any one."

The next morning before the other lodgers were astir, Maud was handed into the elegant carriage of the millionaire, and became his wife in the nearest village. Without returning to the springs, they immediately proceeded on their journey to the city.

A portion of the night intervening between her betrothal and marriage had been spent by Maud in writing to her father, and extenuating, by every plausible argument, her conduct. "He is not young," she said, referring to her intended bridegroom, "nor endowed with the graces of person upon which you have so often warned me against setting too high a value; but in the eyes of the world, which narrowly watches those who hold a conspicuous place, his character is without a trait which virtue would condemn, and his superiority in years will constitute him a better guard and guide for my inexperience. And without there being any valid reason to resist it, the temptation of such a fortune and position would not have been easily overcome;—the powerful incentive of the means of doing good which they must afford, and the ability to supply to my beloved father the ease and comfort required by his declining years, and the place in society which she would so worthily fill, to our worthy and excellent Rose."

The letter, accompanied by one to her sister, in which she wrote without levity, though with exultation, of the success of her aims, and of the prospect before her, was borne to its destination by the deserted Mrs. Wigglesworth, who set off homeward without delay. It was long before it met the eyes for which it was intended. A week before, Mr. Evelyn had been stricken with palsy while in the discharge of a private pastoral duty, and now lay sightless, speechless, and prostrated in mind as well as body, while to poor Rose, the tidings it brought were but a new weight added to her burden of cares and afflictions.

CHAPTER III.

Less than a year had elapsed after these changes. The fashionable world had not yet dispersed to

their summer haunts, when, doing the honours of a crowded promenade to a stranger, was a gentleman who had witnessed the sensation created at the ——— Springs, by the matrimonial adventure, as it was called, of the rich Simeon Albany with the apparently artless and uncalculating Miss Evelyn.

His companion was a young Englishman of elegant person and manners, and of moral and mental qualities consistent with his noble exterior, who had failed of being the lion of the hour only through his own modest and reserved dignity.

"My eyes are absolutely aching," remarked the latter, "with the constant succession of pretty faces and brilliant costumes they have encountered. Shall we turn aside here for a little repose?"

They accordingly passed into a lateral street which was finely built with the mansions of the wealthy and fashionable, when a lady, who had overtaken them, turned to a crossing-place before them.

"There," pursued the stranger, "is the same pensive, intellectual countenance which I remarked to you half an hour ago. It has an unusual interest for me; perhaps because of its resemblance to that of a dear sister of my own. Did you now observe it?"

"No; but the lady is stopping to ring at the house opposite. There, I recognize her now; she is a married woman—the wife of one of our millionaires, Simeon Albany."

"What! that cold, harsh, forbidding old money-changer, to whom I this morning presented my draft, in ——— Street? That girlish, sensitive, refined looking creature, his wife? I pity her!"

"Your sympathy is thrown away. She has obtained all that she required in a husband, namely, money. I was at a watering-place last summer, where the match was made, and as I go to such places merely as a looker-on, I had an opportunity to watch how it was effected. She was, as I have since understood, a friendless country girl, quite unpractised in society; yet I have never seen in the most experienced coquette as great a degree of skilful finesse as she exhibited in entrapping that same repulsive money-changer, whose true character, with her tact and intelligence, she could not have failed to discover."

"And so ambition and avarice find their way into matrimonial transactions here, as well as on our side of the Atlantic? I am sorry to hear it acknowledged. I should never have expected a manifestation of those passions in that lovely faced woman."

"Now that I can see her more distinctly, she looks as if she had found some reason for repentance. Her appearance has much changed. She was of much fuller proportions, and glowing with health and spirits. Now she is pale and slender, and evidently dejected; and how dowdyish is her dress!"

"It is only very plain," remarked the compassionate Englishman.

"Well," said his companion, as she disappeared in the house, "I can hardly pity her for a punishment which she has taken such pains to deserve."

It was, indeed, Maud; and the dwelling at which she stopped was the one of which she was the nominal mistress. It was of spacious dimensions, and though the panels of sculptured marble which embellished its embrowned exterior, indicated a style of finish long displaced in favour, the whole structure bore evidences of opulence, and of careful preservation. But within all was cheerless and unhomelike. The parlours were abundantly and expensively furnished. The carpets were of the softest and finest texture, but their colours were sombre, and their patterns mystical looking Arabesques, embarrassing to the eye, and painful to the imagination. The marble tables were of the most skilful polish, and of valuable material, but there were neither books nor ornaments to relieve their gloomy richness. The curtains were ample and costly, but their hue, also, was dull, and the folds in which they hung seemed moulded never to change. The ponderous and softly cushioned chairs appeared nailed to the walls in the very places where no one would have wished to occupy them. There were no pictures, excepting in one room, the portrait of its master, and, in the other, one of an aged female, of which the face gave sufficient assurance of the maternal relation which the original had borne to him. Though the season was the latter end of May, the atmosphere was damp and chill, the air and sunshine having been equally excluded, and there was no fire to enliven the winter arrangements which seemed to demand it. And with a countenance still more inhospitable than his domicile, Mr. Albany looked up from a sofa on the entrance of his young wife.

"So you have been out again," he remarked, querulously. "Among prudent people it is considered any thing but creditable for a married woman to be showing herself in the streets day after day, according to the custom you persist in."

"I have been all my life accustomed to the free enjoyment of the air, as I have often said before," returned Maud, quietly, "and to be deprived of such as I can have here, would entirely destroy the measure of health left to me. But as you object so strongly to my walking, I would be very willing to ride, and would gladly drive through the most retired ways to get into the country."

"No doubt, ma'am, you would be willing to ride; but I should be very unwilling to have my carriage jolted to pieces over the unbroken country roads at this season of the year. I should think you might find sufficient exercise in the house to keep your blood in circulation. My mother lived to be eighty-three, and hardly ever left the house excepting sometimes to do a little marketing; but then she was an industrious woman, and could find plenty of domestic matters to look after."

"I do attend to all that is necessary, Mr. Albany; but as you yourself often complain, you are obliged, for the sake of appearances, to keep a certain num-

ber of efficient servants, and you surely do not require that I should assume a share of their labours which they have both time and ability to perform."

He threw himself back on the sofa, and remained silent a few minutes, as if to conjure up some new cause of dissatisfaction, and then asked—

"Did you put the additional wadding into the back of my dressing-gown, as I desired you?"

"I did not. My head has ached so badly all day, that I have been quite unable to do any sewing."

"Um,—um. One of your chief boasts when I first knew you was of your skill with the needle; but you appear to make very little use of it now. I dare say that if you had some new finery of your own to work at, you would do it in spite of your headache."

"Perhaps I might," returned Maud, in the tone of a school-girl provoked to retort, yet trembling at her own words. "It is so seldom I get any finery that the novelty might incite me to overtask myself."

The face of Mr. Albany grew livid, but his reply was checked by a servant handing to Maud a letter which he had brought from the post-office. She was about to hurry with it to her room, when the voice of her husband stopped her at the door.

"You must be prepared for some very important communication," said he, "that you are afraid to trust yourself with it before a witness."

"It is a letter from home," she replied, with quivering lips.

Closing the door, she returned, and after concealing herself as much as possible in the recess of a window, she broke the seal. It was from Rose, and every sentence was so imbued with her own affectionate, patient, pious spirit, that in vain the reader attempted to repress her sobs, and to control the agitation which shook the curtains around her.

"Will you not come to see us now?" she read.

"In your last letter, written so long ago, Maud, you said you could not promise, and then I did not ask it; for through the sad, dreary winter, I felt as if I would rather have performed my melancholy duties alone than that you should be depressed by sharing them; but now I beg that you will make a little sacrifice of your grandeur and luxury to us, if it be but for a few days. Our father pines to have you near him;—one of the first evidences of his returning faculties was the expression of your name. Often and often, before his mind was right clear, in whispering to me his good night blessing, he extended his hand as if feeling for you by my side. His utterance has become intelligible, at least to me, and his eyes have partially regained their vision. He says he longs the more for your return, now that he would be able to recognize your face. Oh, Maud! my heart swells with thankfulness for this blessed restoration!

"Do not expect to find us without external comforts,—excepting your presence. We have all around us to make us happy. We are not, indeed, so well off in this world's goods since our poor

father can no longer earn his little salary. You know I always thought we were 'passing rich on forty pounds a year,' though you did not; but we have sufficient for our actual wants. His former parishioners show us many kind offices, and, for several years past, they have sustained me in a little school. Our good neighbour, Mr. Wigglesworth, allows us a cottage to live in for almost nothing. It is not so large as the parsonage,—for so I will persist in calling our old home, humble as it was,—but now our father does not require a study, and in addition to his chamber, there is a small one for me, and another which, according to our established custom, we can still keep in readiness for any friend or way-farer who might call upon our hospitality. And I have so pretty a garden! We found abundance of lilacs already blooming, with several rose bushes of much choicer varieties than those we left behind. I have no fear but that we shall prosper. You cannot imagine, Maud, the exalted, the thrilling happiness of having one so beloved and venerated looking up to your exertions for support! Ever since the charge has rested upon me, I have felt as if I could turn night into day to fulfil it, only reserving time enough to pour out my gratitude to the Almighty for the unchanging health and strength He has given to sustain me."

Maud placed the letter in her bosom, and, leaning her face between her hands, wept long and bitterly, regardless of observation. Then, making a strong effort to recover some of her natural decision, she composed herself to address her husband.

"I have never," said she, at length, "expressed a strong desire to you, Mr. Albany, to revisit my home; but this letter so brings the ties I have broken before me, that I would make any sacrifice you could require to be united with my family again, if only for a few days."

"I have reason to be surprised at your sudden inclination, ma'am;—you have never before shown any great attachment to your family ties."

"I feel your reproach," said Maud, submissively. "I have acted a most unnatural part, though for a long time it has been through want of resolution to speak, and not want of feeling on the subject. I have known that ever since my marriage, my father has been in a state of extreme suffering and helplessness, and that my young sister has been toiling alone, not only as his nurse, but to secure his subsistence, while I, though surrounded by affluence, and nominally its possessor, have never afforded them the most trifling assistance."

"You have done as much as was in your power," returned Mr. Albany, drily.

The blood rushed into Maud's face, but she continued, calmly—

"I could have represented their situation to you; I could have conquered my dread of a refusal, and solicited of you a pittance which would have ameliorated their condition, and yet would have been as dust in the balance of your means."

"You acted with more than your usual prudence

in refraining from it. If there is any thing I am determined against, it is being the tool of poor relations. I supposed when I married you that your father was a clergyman of some standing, who could, besides maintaining his family respectably, lay by something for such an emergency. But I have been deceived in that as well as other things."

Again Maud smothered her feelings, and resumed—

"I might at least yet afford them the comfort of my presence, and my personal assurance that I have sympathized with them in their afflictions. You will not, surely, deny me the privilege of visiting them for a short, a very short time."

"And so they have written you a begging letter?" he said, as if musing upon her implied proposition, without having heard the one she had expressed.

The eyes of Maud flashed with indignation, and she started from her seat.

"There, read it!" she exclaimed, "and see if they have debased themselves to a level with your suspicions! Would that I had possessed one spark of their generous independence and self-respect!"

The letter was turned contemptuously aside; and flying from the room, she shut herself in her chamber, and reiterated, amidst a passionate fit of weeping—"I have earned it!—madly earned it all!"

Watched as a prisoner, tasked as a menial, trampled on as a worm, by the unhappy being to whom she had unrighteously sacrificed her youth, the ambitious, the arrogant, the impetuous Maud was humbled in the dust. In the contests which she had unguardedly waged, during the first days of their union, she had betrayed her own motives and expectations, and had learned, in return, that there are none so impracticable as the self-important; none so perverse and vindictive as the feeble-minded.

CHAPTER IV.

The quiet and romantic valleys of the ——— river were looking their loveliest in the chequered verdure of June, when the young foreigner, whom we introduced in our last chapter, might have been seen tracing their primitive roads on horseback and alone. Presuming himself to be near the point of his destination, at the close of a delicious day of breeze and sunshine, he approached, with the object of inquiring his way, a small edifice, from which, while at a distance, he had seen emerge the white heads and spherical dinner baskets of a little troop of school-children. It was a very humble tenement; the whitewashing could not conceal the roughness of the logs of which its walls were constructed, nor the drapery of summer vines the clumsy slabs that formed its roof; yet, in its tidiness and the rustic taste of its decorations, he saw so much that reminded him of the peasant homes of his own country, that, after he had dismounted, he walked slowly to be the better able to enjoy the

resemblance. The side of the dwelling was towards him, and the ground, which sloped from it to the road, with its carefully swept and weeded sod, was shaded with oaks and maples, interspersed with a few venerable apple-trees, luxuriant in glossy leaves and downy fruit. Enclosing it, otherwise, was a garden, the skilful management of which was proven by the variety and fine growth of its culinary store, and the number and beauty of its flower borders. Geraniums and other common house plants were ranged outside of the open windows, and within fluttered little curtains, coarse, indeed, but of snowy whiteness. The door fronting him stood open, and belonged to an apartment which, from its furniture, some table and cooking utensils, disposed over the fire-place and upon a dresser, and a few little benches against the walls, scattered with primers and spelling-books, appeared to serve the double duty of kitchen and school-room. An opposite door was also open, and a different scene was revealed. It was a better room, with the declining sun lighting up the clear glass of a large book-case, and gleaming upon the gilded leaves of a volume which could not have been mistaken for any thing else than a family Bible, and which lay upon a table in the middle of the floor. A venerable looking man, whose figure was shrunken either through age or illness, and with a few soft gray locks lying upon his pale and furrowed face, reclined with closed eyelids in a wide deep chair, and near him quietly knitting sat a young girl, in a dress of Quaker-like neatness and simplicity, which revealed a form of the most critically faultless outlines.

The stranger had rapped before he was perceived, and the girl—it was Rose Evelyn—arose, and blushing received the profound bow which her appearance had inspired.

"I am seeking," said he, "the residence of the Reverend Mr. Evelyn;—can you direct me to it?"

"It is here," answered Rose, turning quite pale with indefinite apprehension; for never since her childhood had she seen a person whose air spoke so much of refined life, and her first thoughts were that his visit was connected with her sister.

"And you are Maud!" said the stranger, extending his hand and looking earnestly in her face.

"No, I am Rose; and you are," she added, joyfully, "you must be Julian Ormesby!" and the next moment the young man was receiving a parental welcome from the countenance and gestures, if not from the voice of Mr. Evelyn.

"My aunt and cousins—what tidings do you bring us of them?" asked Rose, observing that the visitor failed to distinguish the questions of the invalid.

"That they are well and happy, and full of affectionate remembrance toward you all. I am here as their commissioner, and too much interested in the success of my instructions not to deliver them at once. They are to bring you home to England. My sister—your playmate, Rose, little Lucy—has been recently married, and to her husband has de-

volved a church living, which he wishes to see worthily occupied. From my mother's representation of you, my dear sir, he and Lucy think that no one could so religiously fulfil its duties, and they urgently offer it to your acceptance."

Mr. Evelyn stretched out his trembling and powerless hands, and with heavy moisture standing in his eyes, whispered emphatically—"It is too late!"

Rose turned to the window to conceal her emotion, and then remarked, in faltering tones—

"My father has suffered with much bodily infirmity. For nearly a year he has not been able to engage in any pastoral duty."

The young man regarded them anxiously for a moment, and then wishing to relieve the feelings which he had excited, he asked—

"But where is Maud?"

"Married and gone," replied Rose, attempting faintly to smile, and then looking more sad than before; for a letter from her sister, freshly written, had disclosed all her trials and disappointments.

"Maud married!" he exclaimed, and his countenance changed in both expression and colour; but resuming, with an effort, his cheerful and cordial manner, he repeated—"Maud married!—then is my charming romance destroyed forever! Do you remember, Rose,—but no, you were too young to know it then; but Maud was the passion of my boyhood. What a bewitching little creature she was!—so beautiful and spirited and clever. I used to make a confidante of my mother, and assure her that if ever I got a wife it must be Maud Evelyn; and that early dream I never abandoned. Married and gone, without even giving me the honourable despair of a refusal, after all my hopes and fears, and plans and resolutions!"

There was a genuine sensibility in his voice and countenance, which he could not disguise by an affectation of guile; and Rose, who stood beside him with her full, serious eyes fixed on his, looked as if she was sorry also.

"But I forgot to ask," he resumed, "to whom she is married, and whither she has gone?"

"She lives in ———, where her worldly estate is very different from ours. Her husband's name is Simeon Albany."

"Is it, indeed, so?" said the young man, after a thoughtful pause. "I saw her there, and little dreamed that it was Maud Evelyn."

The first autumn month set in, and Julian Ormesby had not accomplished his mission. He had made excursions to various parts of the country, but the close of almost every fortnight had found him returning to the cottage of Mr. Evelyn. At length, after having received letters from home, during one of his visits he sought an interview with Rose.

"You are trimming your shrubs very carefully, Rose," said he, gravely, "so much so as to make me fear that you have resolved not to leave them."

She was busy in her garden, but stopped her work at his approach, and answered—

"You are not mistaken in your inference, Julian."

"Then I have your decisive answer? I may tell our friends that you refuse to make them happy by influencing your father to yield to their solicitations?"

"Tell them I am grateful for their kindness, with my whole heart, but that my father, who is now unfitted for the station they offer him, declines to become an unprofitable tax upon their generosity; and that for myself, I feel my duty to lie even here. I am young and strong, endowed with ability of mind and body to maintain us both; and my sister, though not, indeed, present with us, is a constant weight upon my thoughts. You must have conjectured, Julian, from my manner, that she is not happy; and I could not bear, even though I might not express it to her in person once in years, that she should be separated by the broad ocean from those who by nature owe her comfort and sympathy. Oh, no!—by preserving to me so uninterceptedly my vigour, and a real enjoyment in my labours, Providence seems to point out to me the path I should pursue."

"Then you will allow me to remain with you, Rose? In my youthful fancies of coming to win your sister, I often dwelt upon the idea of creating a home worthy of her in the New World. My fortune, as you know, is not large, yet in this country it might soon be increased to a sufficiency for any moderate desires. The professions from which I have been expected to choose my future career, the army and the sea, are both incongenial to my taste. I wish to live a quiet, domestic life; to erect my family altar in some pleasant spot, and never to depart from its hallowed influence. Will you help me to build it, here in this country of your choice? Let me relieve you of your toils. My will to serve your father is scarcely less strong than your own; let him rest on me. Will you be mine, Rose?"

"Not for that consideration, Julian."

"No, dear Rose, I do not mean for that, but for the certainty I know you already feel of the deep affection I bear you. All that my imagination painted of Maud, the results I expected from your father's wise instructions, from your mother's lofty and beautiful example, I find realized in you. In consideration of my love, I ask you to listen to me."

"In my knowledge of your worth, I do, Julian," she answered, raising her eyes in modest confidence to his face; "in the feeling that I can yield to your care my precious burthen, and devote my life equally between you."

Ormesby became the purchaser of an extensive and profitable manufactory in a beautiful section of the country, and thither immediately on his marriage conveyed his bride and her father. Maud had been earnestly solicited by the happy Rose to meet her there; and Mr. Albany having, through some business transaction, discovered that his new connection was undoubtedly a man of consequence,

thought it prudent to allow her to comply. Wrecked in health, without protection, and half broken-hearted, she came in a public conveyance, and was received in tearful silence by her father and sister.

"Let me stay with you, Rose," she sobbed, convulsively. "I have come to beg a shelter from the miseries I have endured. Do with me what I deserve; let me obey you as a child incapable of governing itself, but do not send me from you. Plead with me, father, that I may stay!"

To her father she described all her trials and confessed all her errors, and many a long hour she spent in his closet, listening to his admonitions and joining in his prayers. The few days to which she was restricted for her visit expired, and she prepared to return to her cheerless home.

"I am going, dear Rose," said she to her sister before they parted, "to commence, with God's blessing, the course which would have saved me from all my sorrow had I followed it sooner."

Years have passed since then; and though Maud has but attained those of mature womanhood, her once bright looks are blanched, and her graceful form bent as with age. Her bonds have neither been loosed nor lightened. A life of jealous exaction has too much hardened her husband to enable him to appreciate her sacrifices, yet she still offers them with the uncomplaining humility of a changed heart; and regarding the self-inflicted evils of her present life as lessons to prepare her for one to come, she awaits patiently and prayerfully the time when her probation shall be ended.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A MINISTER AT LARGE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

NO. II.—THE WEDDING.

THE bright and the dark in life are intimately commingled. The same vale bears on its bosom the floating shadow of the jagged cloud that comes athwart the sun, and the splendour of the uninterrupted ray. The starving beggar wraps his rags about him in the chill winter wind, and sits to rest his weary limbs on the steps of the mansion of opulence. The hearse bears away the confined remains of the loved and cherished from the one dwelling, amid sable weeds and the tears and moans of bereaved affection, while there enters the next, in bright array, amid smiles and joy, a bridal pair to their home of hope.

So the hopeful or ludicrous is ever contrasted with the painful and revolting in the pathway of him whose eye is upon the current of human existence. And as my former story was one of suffering and grief, I have selected from my note-book to follow it, one whose characteristics are strikingly diverse.

I am about to relate the incidents of a wedding—the first, by-the-by, at which I was ever called to officiate. It was, therefore, an event in my ministerial life; and its peculiarities are the more firmly stamped upon my mind. Oh, ye fair votaries of the romantic and sentimental, who have invested the hallowed wedding-day and wedding-service with associations of the most elevating and interesting character; with whom the charm of married life would be painfully broken, if it lacked a fair and alluring outset; who see secret visions of bridesmaids and bridesmen, and floating veils and an august ceremony, I pray you read this little tale of unadorned reality, and smile or shudder as you may.

I was sitting at my table, on a Sabbath afternoon, subsequent to the public service, preparing myself for the duties of evening. It was in the month of April; and while thus engaged, I heard the door-bell ring. When I opened it, a man presented himself, whose flushed face, heavy eye, and, above all, the fumes of spirit assailing me from his breath, were convincing evidences of partial intoxication. He saluted me very courteously, and immediately announced his errand.

“Can you come down street a little way, and marry a couple—friends of mine? I’ll tell you how it is. They were published by Mr. Jones, and expected, of course, to have him marry ’em, but when I came up arter ’im, I found he’d gone out of the city to preach; and the minister that preaches

for him is from Massachusetts, and can’t marry ’em. So I thought I wouldn’t disappoint ’em so much as to go back with nobody, seeing they’re all rigged and ready, and calculating on the matter—so I stopped to get you to go. I suppose you can tie ’em as tight as Mr. Jones could?”

“I suppose I can tie them fast enough,” said I; “and, if they would be disappointed at delay, will be happy to go with you.”

“Yes, they would,” he replied; “for they’ve set their hearts on having the thing come off this afternoon, and no mistake.”

“I will be ready in a moment,” said I.

We were speedily on our way up the street. My chaperon was sufficiently talkative, and had a knowing wink for one and another of his acquaintances whom we passed at the corners. We soon turned into a by-lane, and I was conducted to the house—a low one-story tenement, of humble pretensions, over the door of which was the sign, “Abram Watkins, shoemaker.” Passing through a narrow entry, I entered a small apartment, the most prominent object in which was a cooking stove, that occupied the centre. Around, against the walls, were seated sundry men and women of various ages, who received me with no testimonial of courteous greeting, unless a steady and expressive stare may be so considered. This created a feeling of sympathetic astonishment in my own mind, until I interpreted it to be in consequence of expectation to see Mr. Jones, and wonder that I should apparently have usurped his functions; so I quietly seated myself in a vacant chair, and was no sooner settled comfortably down than I saw my chaperon thrust his countenance—wearing a very significant expression—through a crack of the door, which he carefully held ajar, and beckon to one or more to come out to him. Thereupon, men and women started to their feet and rushed into the entry. The only one who remained was an old fellow in the farther corner. He did not move from his position all the while that I was in the house, but sat with his hands interlocked above his head, on which he wore a dilapidated fur cap, and his feet perched up on the rundle of his chair, that was tilted back, at an angle of forty-five degrees, against the wall. The door was closed behind the retreating party, but I could hear from the entry the progress of a most earnest confab, carried on in whispers. Thus some ten minutes elapsed, the old fellow in the corner remaining all the time as mute

as the black-featured slave between us, whose pipe I had to dodge to get a look at him. Finally, swing went the door again, and the posse marched in to the same seats which they had vacated. The illustrious individual, who had first enlisted my services on this romantic occasion, and who seemed to act as master of ceremonies, then came beside me, and said—

"Well, elder, I guess we're all ready to go ahead. That"—here he pointed with his finger towards a very pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, dressed in tawdry finery, who sat twirling her fingers by one of the windows—"that is the woman, and *that*—is the man."

His finger, as he pronounced the last words, rested in the direction of the old fellow in the corner. Well, thought I, if these are the parties, there is something wrong here, and I shall decline to officiate. But before my ideas on the matter had time to assume a definite shape, the master of ceremonies burst into a loud laugh.

"No—no," said he, "not he. Fact, I must be a little blind this afternoon, or else it's precious dark here. No—that's the man,"—and he laid his hand on the shoulder of a youth beside him, the most attractive in looks and manners of all the group.

At this stage of the proceedings, I instituted some necessary inquiries as to whether the requirements of the law in the premises had been complied with; and receiving satisfactory replies, expressed my readiness to proceed. There was then a significant pause in progress—one looking at another, in a state of the most ludicrous hesitation. Thereupon, a middle-aged woman, who had hitherto remained inactive in the back ground, jumped hastily up, and running to the bride, seized her by the arm, and posted her, in the middle of the room. She then performed a corresponding manœuvre with the groom, planting him beside his betrothed. She was, for a few moments, in doubt, by-the-by, on which side of the lady the groom should be placed, and shifted them to and fro sundry times, with a jerk, to which they submitted like martyrs or puppets. Then she beckoned the remainder of the company to her, with the exception of the old man in the corner, and shoved them into line—the males and females respectively on either side of the high contracting parties, according to the rules laid down by the best authorities. Lastly, having taken a final look of inspection, she posted herself on the extreme right, smoothing down her apron, which had been a little rumpled by her efforts, and fixing her arms down by her sides, with head elevated, like a drill soldier under a martinet.

Upon this, I rose and proceeded with the ceremony. I exerted myself to infuse into it a due degree of solemnity and impressiveness—but the reader will allow that the preliminaries I have narrated were not especially conducive to composure and serenity of mind. However, all proceeded well; the benediction was pronounced, and the parties severally resumed the seats they had previously occupied.

But ludicrous as all had been to me, it was a serious matter to the bride, who, at this crisis of emotion, was at a loss what to do with herself. She seemed to be in the most painful perplexity whether to laugh or cry. The former contingency finally won the day; so, turning her face to the window, she greeted us with a burst of hysteric laughter, which continued with unabated vigour, ascending and descending the gamut,—not very musically, however,—for some minutes. This musical finale was received in perfect silence on the part of the company, with the exception of the master of ceremonies, who accompanied the shrill treble of the girl's voice with a succession of sonorous grunts. This *dolce concerto* being ended, the latter mentioned personage went into a closet, and, by his fumbling among glasses, seemed to be preparing some refreshment.

In the mean time, the old man in the corner, who had thus far maintained the most imperturbable silence, thought proper to make utterance. His words came forth in the thick, irregular enunciation of intoxication.

"I say, that 'ere ain't Mr. Jones, is it?"

"No," replied one of the women; "Mr. Jones is out of town, and this gentleman has come instead."

"I s'pose it will be all the same to 'Mely?' continued the old man. This was the extent of his interference, except that, at intervals afterwards, he muttered, unnoticed—"I s'pose it's all the same to 'Mely.'"

The master of ceremonies now appeared from the closet, with a small waiter, on which were six glasses. Here was a fresh source of merriment to me. There had not been wine enough to fill them all; so two were nearly full, two were about half full, and the remaining two had been honoured with but a few drops in each. These were studiously arranged in the order of their contents—the full ones occupying one end of the waiter, which was carefully extended towards me.

Being a decided teetotaler, and satisfied, moreover, that to drink wine is a poor way of commencing married life in any class of society, or under any circumstances, I declined to take the proffered glass. This left two full ones for the bride and groom, while the two half filled were passed to the women, and the men had to content themselves with putting the empty ones to their lips for form's sake. The old man in the corner got no glass at all.

After the distribution of cake by the same dexterous attendant, which, in default of plates, had to be handled in a very primeval manner, I took my leave.

I shall not readily forget this, my first solemnization of the marriage rite. And I commend this simple tale of unvarnished reality to those who live in an atmosphere of sentimentality, and whose visions of life are all tinted *couleur de rose*.

Nor shall I soon dismiss from memory the parties concerned in this matrimonial affair. I shall

watch over their progress with intense regard;—
and, in this republican country, who knows what
may come of it? Who knows that the offspring
of this humble pair, thus funnily fastened together,

will not, in after years, sit down in the famous
“White House” its honoured master? If he be-
comes the great high candidate in my day, I shall
certainly vote for him!

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THE WIDOW'S SON.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

"Lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom
That overhangs the borders of thy tomb;
See nature gay as when she first began
With smiles alluring her admirer man."—COWPER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a night in December. The scene was Washington city. The moon was up, her light dimmed by clouds, but ever and anon she broke forth in all her splendour, brightening the marble buildings of the Capitol with a silvery lustre. The weather was raw and unpleasant, and the dark clouds of the west seemed to threaten an approaching snow-storm. The few persons in the streets—for the hour was late—hurried rapidly along, apparently anxious to get within doors. And yet the night was not without its beauty and its moral. The clouds rolled slowly on in detached masses—now dark and lowering, and for a moment shutting out the light of the glorious moon, which only shone forth with the more beauty when they passed from before her face. Thus it is with many of the shadows of human life. The light of truth—the glory of virtue may be darkened for a moment, but they will only shine out the purer and brighter in the end. While musing in this strain, and wandering thoughtfully along the great avenue of the Capitol—now with eyes directed to the scenes above, and now meditating upon the political storms and shadows in which the destinies of the country were measurably involved, a figure came reeling from a public house. It was that of a man of thirty-five. I paused for an instant, and soon discovered that the object before me was not only unable to walk with any thing like steadiness, but that every new effort seemed to grow more desperate.

"Only a drunkard," briefly observed another passer-by, and hastened on.

"Only a drunkard!" I mentally exclaimed. "But the night is cold and bleak, a storm threatens, and the miserable man, unless cared for, may be a stiffened corse before morning. I am a stranger here, too—away from friends and home; and is it not a possible case that this poor wretch may be some disappointed office-hunter—some unfortunate applicant for justice at the hands of the nation, who, heart-sick and hopeless, has permitted himself to be overcome in a weak and reckless hour by the fiend of intemperance. Despair may have mad-denied him for the time. He may have a wife, a mother, at home—friends who love and cherish him, and he must not be left to perish."

Musing thus, and rapidly, and touched more, it is possible, because Washington was a strange place to me, I approached the reeling man with the object of ascertaining, if possible, who he was, to what extent he was intoxicated, and where he lodged. At the instant, a cloud which had hid the moon passed on, and the light of the queen of night shone directly into the face of the drunkard.

I started back in surprise. Can it be? I asked myself. The features were greatly distorted—the eyes glared with brutality—and yet I was not mistaken. Before me stood the Hon. George Wallingford—one of the most gifted members of Congress—a man to whose eloquence and wit and argument I had listened only the day before in the hall of the House of Representatives with delight and pride—delight produced by the splendour of his genius, and pride that one so young should not only be able thus to address the assembled representatives of the nation, but that he should so nobly vindicate the principles and the beauty of republicanism, and hurl back in trumpet tones upon our libellers the scorn of a justly indignant and truly patriotic spirit. On that occasion he was "the observed of all observers." The galleries were thronged with beauty and fashion—all ranks and ages drank in his strains of eloquence—many envied him his rare talents, and all accorded him praise of the warmest kind. The effort throughout was masterly. Even his best friends were astonished as well as delighted, and when he closed with a peroration that thrilled like a trumpet through the hearts of his countrymen, and brought the blood with a richer glow to the cheeks of the fair creatures who bent their eyes upon him, his colleagues hurried around him with eager looks and warm expressions of congratulation. That speech alone was calculated to win him a high character as a statesman and an orator; and although his abilities had before been appreciated by his immediate constituents, they would now be made known to the multitude of millions throughout this broad republic. I remember well the feelings of that hour. All seemed roused, excited, and carried away for the time. The name of the member from *Georgia* was in every one's mouth; some of his finest expressions were on the lips of all who paid attention to such subjects; and, except when the dark spirit of envy would embitter the heart

and palsy the tongue, his eulogy was universal. I returned to Gadsby's that afternoon with a subdued opinion of myself. I felt that I had been in the presence of one of the nobler spirits of the times—of one who possessed a peculiar gift of mind—who enjoyed the high faculty of moving by the magic of his eloquence, the hearts of thousands of his fellow-creatures.

Imagine my feelings, then, when I saw this being before me on the subsequent night—unable to articulate a single sentence distinctly—paralyzed in mind and in body—God's noblest work brutalized—the soaring principle of genius darkened and degraded—the idol of another hour now a scorn and a disgrace to civilization and humanity. Never did the horrors of intemperance appear in colours so vivid—never was the dreadful power of the rum fiend made so distinctly apparent.

I took the arm of the miserable man, and asked where he lodged. Some time elapsed, and in vain I endeavoured to make out his answer. He was utterly lost to propriety and a sense of shame, and, instead of exhibiting a willingness to be taken home, was eager to return to the tavern. His reason was wholly blinded. His tongue refused its office. His body seemed fastened by some awkward mechanism to his legs, and in his efforts to move he reminded me of the wooden toys made to amuse children during the Christmas holidays. It was now near midnight, and the spectacle was most melancholy. He could not walk; the tavern in which he had passed the evening was closed; he could not describe his place of residence, and it was impossible for me to carry him to my lodgings. Thus situated, a servant came by—one of Gadsby's—who, on being questioned, said that the Hon. Mr. Wallingford had rooms at the house of Mr. Jones, about three squares off, and that his mother also resided there!

"His mother!" Heavens, what a shock to have her son borne to her in such a condition! Exulting, too, as she no doubt had been, with all the love of a mother's heart, at the triumphant effort of that son the day before! How soon was the cup of joy to be dashed from her lips! With what an agony of grief would she note his appearance and condition! He was her "only son, and she a widow!" How readily would she yield up her life to know him freed from that one infirmity—that dark curse which hovered about him like a fiend, and touched, as with the scathing desolation of the lower world, the glory of his brightest moments. Oh! what had she not dreamed since his triumph of yesterday! How it would stimulate him to avoid the rock on which he had so often been wrecked, when he knew that the eyes of his whole country would be directed towards him—when his constituents should hear of this master effort—his indulgent constituents, who had so frequently overlooked his youthful indiscretions! Yes—she felt convinced that he would reform—that he would avoid the tempting cup—that he would remember his dead father's former name and fame—his mother's unbounded affection—his own promising career!

These, and thoughts like these, thronged through the brain of that delighted mother! Heaven seemed to open its brightest hopes before her, and she fell upon her knees and thanked God for such a son, and prayed that he might for the future avoid the fatal habit which had already weakened his frame and impaired his character. She rose from her bedside, and looked wistfully, and not without some misgivings into the wide avenue before her window.

* * * * *

"Hark! what sound is that? Merciful Heaven—what forms are those? Three figures—one of them borne in the arms of the others. A little longer support me, Father of mercies—God of the fatherless!"

"This way—this way!" and before the straining and almost maniac gaze of that devoted mother was laid the unconscious form of her gifted, but drunkard son!

* * * * *

CHAPTER II.

I was detained in the city of Washington for several weeks. Claims upon government—applications for office, are not passed upon there with very great haste in most cases. Cabinet members are sometimes difficult of access, except to the favoured few, and they soon learn the courtier art of postponing from day to day every thing like a definite answer, while they delight—such is the perversity of power and of human nature—in fanning the desires of the heart with just sufficient force to keep them from expiring. Alas, for the victims of hope delayed! Alas! for the children of despair who have gone to the Capitol for justice, and left with shattered constitutions, exhausted purses, and bitterness of spirit. I have seen gray-headed men lingering for hours around the doors of some of the favourites of momentary power, or, having gained access to the presence of the great for the time, frozen almost speechless by an iciness of manner—an assumed formality, which cut to the quick, and repelled every thing like promise or expectation. It is so, perhaps, in all countries. It may be, too, that the dispensers of public office and bounty are compelled, by the force of circumstances, by the number of claimants, and the many impostors and pretenders among them, to be brief, formal, and often harsh in their interviews. But they should remember, nevertheless, that the diffident and meritorious only are to be driven from their objects by such a course. The bold and reckless—the vain and profligate, understanding the ways of the world and the arts of political aspirants, anticipate and are prepared for such treatment. They are not to be rebuked by a single repulse, but bide their time, seek their opportunity—discover the weak points in the great—the secret channels to their favour. Thus it is that our public stations are occasionally dishonoured by men who have

little reputation with those who know them best—mere adventurers, who make politics a trade, and who are ready to fawn and play the parasite at any footstool. A stranger, therefore, to these arts, and this description of trick and management, who went to press the suit of another, found it, at the time of which I speak, exceedingly difficult to reach the fountain head of power, and in such a manner as to enable him to tell the whole truth, and state his case fully and with a consciousness of having discharged his duty. Thus it was that the writer of this sketch lingered week after week at the seat of government, frequently at a loss for means of proper occupation. One evening his attention was arrested by the announced visit of a band of WASHINGTONIANS, among them one or two able speakers. A meeting was to take place at 8 P. M. The promised history of one who had passed the years of his young manhood in gaiety and dissipation—who had wasted a large fortune—who had recently become a convert to the water principle, and who now battled earnestly in the good cause, excited no little interest in the minds of many; and, at the appointed hour, I found myself amidst a throng of hundreds, some animated by curiosity, others by new-born zeal in the great reform, and others, again, by the desire to mingle in and be seen in a crowd. The opening speakers made only a slight impression. What they said was well enough; but it was an old story, told in the old way, with the usual form, and their remarks indicated little fire or enthusiasm, and were without a ray of genius. The third speaker was a reformed spendthrift, rake and inebriate. His name is now as familiar to all who have paid the least attention to the subject, as household words; but at the time of which I write, he had but recently entered the arena, and his reputation was but rising into a just appreciation. He was now to speak for the first time in the city of Washington, in the presence, it might be, of some of the distinguished representatives of the nation—men who were familiar with all the arts of oratory, and who could detect an impostor or a pretender with the first five sentences that he uttered. This view evidently impressed and influenced the Washingtonian. His personal appearance was manly and dignified; his voice was clear, powerful and musical; his mind, it soon became apparent, was richly stored and polished, while his whole soul seemed devoted to the good cause. He had not been fifteen minutes upon his feet before the eyes of the audience brightened under the influence of his eloquence, and the blood passed through their veins with a more rapid motion. His figures were apt and natural; his gestures graceful, easy, and forcible, while the air of earnest truth and deep conviction with which he enforced his positions, maintained his arguments, and appealed to the hearts and minds of his hearers, thrilled, agitated and delighted. The cause under his advocacy became that of religion, virtue and humanity. The smiles of Heaven were made to rest upon it and its friends; the rapid approach of the millenium

was identified with its progress, and the world seemed to glow and brighten with good deeds and pure principles, as the white banners of Temperance were borne in holy triumph among the nations. His own history was detailed. His reckless boyhood; his vicious manhood; his disregard of paternal counsels; his neglect of friends and family; his sacrifice of reputation; his loss of fortune; his degradation of body and mind, until he became hateful to himself and a disgrace to all of his name! And then the fiend of self-murder more than once whispered frightful subtleties to him. Love and friendship and kindness and charity, all abandoned him, and he hurried to the intoxicating madness of his destroyer to dim and darken the thoughts of his own mind. In his early time he had loved, deeply and tenderly, and the passion had been returned with all the fondness and truth of a virgin heart. But even this darling dream of his soul was dispelled by his brutalizing devotion to the rum-fiend, and he gradually abandoned beauty and truth and virtue, for the blasting, bloating, and crime-provoking monster of intemperance. In the maniac embraces of this demon, he was lost for a time—ay, for months and months; and the audience, could he give a faithful picture of what he was in his darkest hour, would not recognize the same being in the individual who addressed them. But he was never wholly forsaken. At times his better genius whispered—"all is not yet lost. Life still remains. The path of reform is still open. Awake, arise—burst the bonds of the tyrant, and be free again." This voice grew fainter and fainter as he descended the downward path. Often, in his momentary gleams of virtue and penitence, he determined to retrace his steps. But the task was, indeed, difficult. His nerves were tremulous; his strength was as a child's, and death seemed but a short distance in futurity. Thus situated, he was seized with a frightful illness, and lay upon the bed of a benevolent friend for weeks. His constitution was an iron one, and gradually his strength came back to him. Then it was that the visions of the past thronged upon his brain. Then he saw the deep abyss over which he had trembled. Then shame, pride and all the nobler feelings of his nature appealed to him. He knew his danger. He knew that he must become a pledged man before he left the chamber, or he was lost. Even at that hour, the craving fiend that he had created within struggled for the mastery, and with a power that none but those who were or had been drunkards could appreciate. Once more among his dissolute companions, and his resolutions of amendment would fade like the mist in the morning sun. He knelt by his bedside and invoked the aid of Heaven. He acknowledged his infirmity, confessed his weakness, and sought assistance from above. His prayer was answered. A new strength seemed infused into his being. He sent for his friend, and subscribed to the pledge in the most formal manner. "From that hour,"—and here his figure rose to its full height, his voice gathered fresh power, and his

eyes brightened with rekindled fire—he continued, —“I have felt myself a *man*—a being above the brute—the possessor of a mind and a soul—a candidate for immortality.”

“Think me not a fanatic,” he proceeded; “believe me no impostor. I feel that I am but yet an insignificant object in the vast scale of creation—a creature, once prostrate and degraded, but now animated with the spark of intellect and the attributes of reason imparted by the Creator for wise and benevolent purposes. These godlike gifts were perverted, misdirected, for a long portion of my life; and in the effort to win from the downward path of intemperance the hundreds who have gone astray, who are still vainly struggling to escape the meshes of the paralyzer, I do but manifest a proper appreciation of my own reform. Are there any such here to-night? Any who have mothers, wives, sisters, to whom they still cling with affection in their hours of sanity? Any who are gifted by the Deity with minds of light, knowledge and power, intended for the benefit of their fellow man, but weakened and palsied by the curse of the demon from whose embraces I have so recently escaped? If any such hear me, let them profit by my example—let them come forward; now is the time, this is the hour. No man need be ashamed of throwing off the black robe of the drunkard for the white garment of temperance. Let us triumph over ourselves. Let us live for those who love us. Let us rejoice that we are men, and prove ourselves worthy the attributes of intellect, of reason and of civilization.”

With these words, the speaker descended from the platform, and took his station at a table that had been prepared for the purpose. The hundreds in attendance were touched and excited, as much

perhaps, by the manner as the language of the orator. A buzz of approbation passed through the room. Several young men, whose feelings had been interested, were already at the table attaching their names to the pledge. Spell-bound, in some measure, by the scene, and anxious to notice the effect still further, I moved toward the group. Many had already signed. And now a sensation of no ordinary character ran through the assembly. All eyes were directed to one quarter. A tall, thin figure approached the stand. The astonished crowd bent forward with anxious looks and held their breath in suspense and interest. The object of so much notice was Charles Wallingford, the gifted representative from Georgia—the orator whose speech in the House had won such universal eulogy—the stranger whose almost lifeless form I had assisted in bearing to the chamber of his mother.

“Will he sign—will he sign?” was the exclamation, half suppressed, but still audible, which broke from many a lip.

His step was firm—his resolution decisive.

“Room—room for Mr. Wallingford!”

With a faint smile playing upon his features, he took the pen that was so cheerfully tendered him, bowed slightly, and, in acknowledgment to the kindred spirit whose eloquent appeal had so moved him, affixed his name to the *Pledge*, and stood up before the world a redeemed man!

But who shall paint the feelings of his aged mother, at that glorious consummation of her dearest hopes? The tears of joy rolled down her time-worn cheeks, as she bowed herself in gratitude and thanked the God of the fatherless that he had heard and responded to her prayers—that he had saved her son!

THE TEACHER.

(See Plate.)

SHE looks pensive—almost dejected. The drooping eyelid, the listless attitude of the head and arms, and the air of weary languor diffused over her whole form, indicate that something is weighing on poor Anna's spirits. Peradventure the letter she holds in her hand is from a faithless, heartless lover, who sought her smile when the sun of prosperity shone upon that fair and faultless brow, but has now refused to redeem his plighted word, and deserts her for some painted butterfly of fashion.

It is even so. But cheer up, Anna—better days are coming. There is a topic of consolation even in that cruel letter. You have escaped from the most intimate union with a heartless wretch who could never have sympathized with the pure and noble feelings of your heart. He was surely no meet companion for you in that rugged path of duty which will surely conduct you to the abodes of the blest. You find your happiness in self-sacrifice, in disinterested exertion for the good of others. Day by day is your patience tried by the fractious humours of your dozen or two of pupils. Day by

day you remember, with pardonable regret, the hours of your brilliant transit across the radiant hemisphere of fashion, a star of the first magnitude; but the pleasure with which your scanty earnings are poured into the lap of your widowed mother, is deeper and more heartfelt than even that which sprung from the attentions of a whole cohort of smiling, flattering admirers, and the reflection that your varied accomplishments and polished manners are producing their due effect upon those under your charge, while your pious zeal for their best interests is sensibly rewarded by its legitimate fruits, cannot fail to yield you a solid satisfaction, such as the satiated votaries of pleasure have never known.

Cheer up, Anna! Give not a single tear to that faithless one. Crush his wicked letter and cast it from you, together with all remembrance of his vows and his falsehood. Better things are in store for you. A brighter torch than that of Hymen is kindled at a higher altar to light your onward path to the region where kindred angels await their coming favourite.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

(See Plate.)

ACT V. SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two CLOWNS, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou says't: and the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no

ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clowns.]